

DON'T MISS THE HOPALONG CASSIDY CASH CONTEST IN THIS ISSUE!

A Fawcett Publication

MAR.

10¢

NO. 65

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD



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repeating AIR RIFLE

FIRST
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LEVER-ACTION
DAISY
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CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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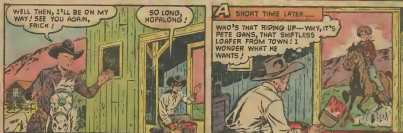
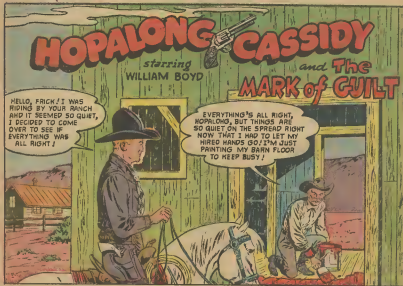
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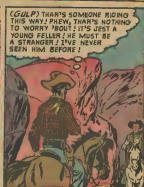
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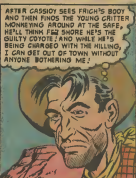
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

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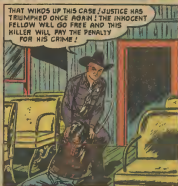
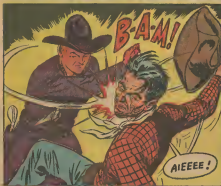
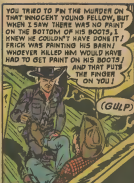




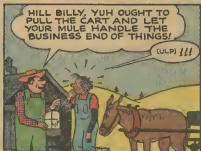








HILL BILLY *SOME* BUSINESSMAN!



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YOU'RE AT THE FRONT

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OF WAR

WHEN YOU READ...

BATTLE STORIES

NEW!

WAR! WAR! WAR!

BATTLE STORIES

NEW!

WAR! WAR! WAR!

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Get this
24 K GOLD-PLATED
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NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

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EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!
Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!

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I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Initials for Ring _____ (FIRST) (LAST)

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THE WESTERN TROUBADOR

I SHORE WAS LUCKY TO FIND THIS GUITAR / NOW I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT WORKING ANY MORE! I'LL SING FOR MY LIVING! AND THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO START--RANCHER HILLER IS THE RICHEST HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS! HE'LL GIVE ME A LOT OF MONEY FOR ENTERTAINING HIM!



♪ OH CARRY ME BACK
TO THE LONE
PRAIRIE ----- ♪



♪ ---- WHAR THE COYOTES
ROAM AND THE WIND BLOWS
FREE! ♪

HUH? WHAT
IN--OH, OH!



(GULP) THE CUP
BROKE AND THE
COFFEE SPILLED
ALL OVER THE
TABLE WHEN I
DROPPED IT!

♪ AND WHEN
I DIE, YUH
CAN BURY
ME --- ♪



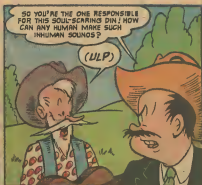
BUT WHAT HOMBRE
WOULDN'T BE STARTLED
OUT OF HIS WITS HEARING
A HORRIBLE, FRIGHTENING
NOISE LIKE THAT!

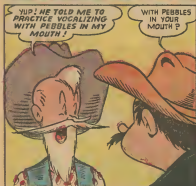
--- ON THE
LONE
PRAIRIE! ♪

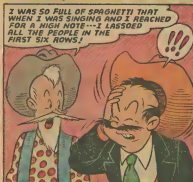


IT SOUNDS AS IF
ONE OF MY STEERS
IS BEING TORTURED!
I'D BETTER GO
OUT AND SEE!

♪ OH, CARRY
ME BACK... ♪









HOPALONG CASSIDY

in **The PERFECT ALIBI!**

Slapping
WILLIAM
BOYD

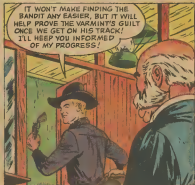
THE GUARD'S
DEAD, ALL
RIGHT!

POOR FELLOW! BUT WHAT
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS
WHY THE BANDIT STOLE ONLY
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
WHEN MY SAFE WAS
FULL OF MONEY!



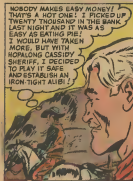
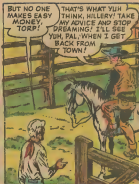
THAT SURE DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE, BUT NEITHER DOES
THE BANDIT HAVING LEFT
HIS HAT AND SIX-SHOOTER
HERE! ANYONE CLEVER
ENOUGH TO PLAN THIS
HOLDUP WOULDN'T BE
DUMB ENOUGH TO
LEAVE SUCH
OBVIOUS
CLUES
AROUND!

I RECHON ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO, HOPALONG, IS FIND
OUT WHO THOSE BELONG
TO AND YOU'LL HAVE THE
GUILTY PARTY!

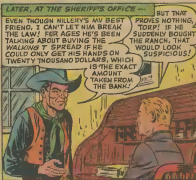


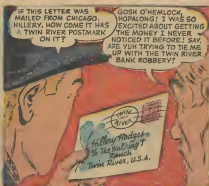
IT WON'T MAKE FINDING THE
BANDIT ANY EASIER, BUT IT WILL
HELP PROVE THE VARMINT'S GUILT
ONCE WE GET ON HIS TRACK!
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED
OF MY PROGRESS!

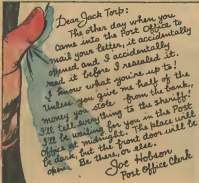
MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF THE BUNKHOUSE AT THE WALKING T RANCH—

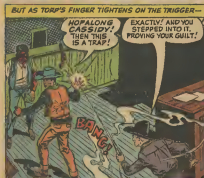
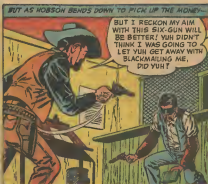


HOPALONG CASSIDY











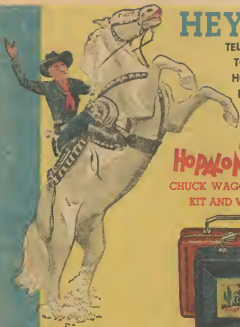
HEY KIDS!

TELL MOM YOU WANT
TO CARRY A FRESH
HOME MADE LUNCH
IN YOUR OWN...

Aladdin

HOPALONG CASSIDY

CHUCK WAGON SCHOOL LUNCH
KIT AND VACUUM BOTTLE



BRAND YOUR HOPPY KIT AS YOUR VERY
OWN — WITH A FREE NAME PLATE DECAL

TELL MOM THE BOTTLE HAS THE SWELL NEW
ALADDIN SWEET SEAL RUBBER STOPPER — KEEPS
CONTENTS SWEET AND FRESH. EASY FOR YOU
TO GET IN AND OUT OF THE BOTTLE.



TELL HER IT HAS BOTH THE SEALS OF APPROVAL

and best of all — tell Mom the Half-
Pint Bottle is only \$1.69 — the Kit
and Bottle together only \$2.89...
For fresh lunches every day!

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

THE LEFT-HANDED GANG

By Bob Laughlin

MONTY HOLCOMBE was neither marshal, sheriff nor deputy, but he was well-known throughout the Dakota badlands as owlhoot poison. A born roamer, he could not be tied down to a law-enforcement job in any specific town. Rather he preferred to ride where the wind would take him, there to blast out any scoundrel-at-large.

On this day Monty had drifted out of the Dakotae entirely, having felt the need of a change of scene. For several days he had been in the saddle when his eyes rested for the first time on the town of Plainford.

Hitching Rambler near a water-trough, the tall cowboy knocked some of the dust from his jeans and strode down the main drag to the town jailhouse. The sheriff was a heavy-set, middle-aged gent with graying hair.

"Howdy, sheriff!" grinned Holcombe, extending a huge mitt. "My handle is Monty Holcombe. My hobby and habit is helping out the law. Just riding through and I thought I'd get to know you."

"Sey—I've heard of you, Holcombe!" exclaimed the lawman. "My name's Tom Shelby. You sure picked a good time to drop in!" The sheriff was plainly worried.

"Why, what's up, Tom?" asked Monty.

"Plenty! For weeks, Plainford has been terrorized by a strange gang of owlhoots: I say strange, because every one of them is left-handed! But that's all we know about them! We've killed two of them during raids, but they always come up with a replacement—and always another left-handed ranny!"

Holcombe watched the sheriff pece the floor, as he continued:

"Monty, they've robbed, rustled, killed—"

He got no farther, as the unmetekable sound of gunfire cut off his words.

"Gunfire!" cried Monty, leaping for the door. Shelby was right behind. Outside, they were confronted by a shot-up storekeeper who had tried to make it to the sheriff's office. He was in a bad way.

"Sheriff . . ." he gasped. "It's the gang! Robbed my store . . . shot me . . ."

"The left-handers!" Tom Shelby helped the man into his office.

Meanwhile, Monty raced down the street on foot—a street suddenly deserted but for the raiders, who were galloping off in a cloud of dust. As he ran, Monty drew his six-gune and poured a stream of lead at the fleeing culprits.

"Too bad I tied Rambler too far away to get after those varmints!" he growled to himself. "I'm not getting much of a first look at them!"

But Monty's deadly shooting paid off to the extent of winging one owlhoot in the shoulder, and he toppled into the dust. The others were soon lost in the hills outside of town.

"Hal! One duck, anyway!" exclaimed Monty as he raced toward the sprawled-out crook who was twisting in pain on the ground. Behind Monty came Sheriff Shelby.

A short time later, at the jailhouse, the catch sat grimly in a chair, covered by Doc Johnson's bandages and the sheriff's revolver.

"Not a serious wound," remarked the doctor. "It'll soon heal."

"Have to take good care of you, mieter," Monty addressed the reider. "You're the first one we've gotten alive! Now if you know what's good for you, you'll talk! Who's behind this gang, and why the left-handers?"

The bedman was beaten, looked it and talked it. "I'm through," he growled. "I'll talk! The leader is Lefty Wright. Years ago in a gunfight with the law he had his gun hand—his right hand—shattered by bullets. He pulled through, but his right hand was useless. He swore he'd get even and he spent years learning to shoot and do everything left-handed. He'll have only left-handers in his gang. That's pert of his revenge."

Monty reflected. "Reckon his mind was a bit twisted, as well as his right hand."

"They've got to be stopped somehow, Monty!" Shelby broke in. "We've got to clean up Wright and the whole bunch at once, so he can't rebuild the gang!"

"No use making this ranny give us their hide-out location," Monty mused. "With him captured, they'll no doubt be on the move. You'd better get this one into a cell, Tom. I've an idea and my first stop is the newspaper office!"

"See you later, Sheriff," said Holcombe as he disappeared out the door. Soon after, he revealed his plans to the editor of the Plainford Gazette.

" . . . and it must be kept a secret!" Monty warned. "Will you do it?"

"It's as good as done!" assured the editor. Next morning, the Gazette's headline blared forth:

MONTANA HAL IN PLAINFORD

Famed Left-Handed Ex-Gunmen to Start
Over On Right Side of Law

Sheriff Tom Shelby was avidly reading this news when he was startled to see an unshaved and unkempt-looking Monty Holcombe stride into his office.

"What the—le that you, Monty?" he cried. "I hardly knew you! What's the idaa?"

"Just call me Montana Hal, Sheriff—the side-winder you've been reading about!"

"But, Mont—Montana—I don't get it!" protested Shelby.

"Listen, Tom! I'm not known hereabouts. As a famous left-handed gunman, I think Wright will try to get me to join his gang. Don't forget, they lost a man yesterday!"

That night, Monty Holcombe, alias Montana Hal, sat on the edge of his bunk in his quarters and wondered if and how the left-handed gang would contact him. He did not have long to wait, for a rock with a note attached crashed through the window of his room.

"Now we're getting action!" breathed Monty as he pulled off the note. It read:

**MONTANA HAL—FOR THE BEST
DEAL OF YOUR LIFE BE ON THE
NORTH TRAIL AT MIDNIGHT TO-
NIGHT.**

An hour later, he rode Rambler along the North Trail. "Well, boy," he told his stallion, "we should have some visitors soon!"

Sooner than expected. As the moon dipped behind a cloud, he was clubbed into unconsciousness by a gun butt from a tree above. Next thing he knew, it was dawn, and he was in the hills, surrounded by Lefty Wright's crew. He knew it, for they all wore one holster—on the left hip.

"Ooooh! My head!" he groaned, sitting up. "Where am I?"

"That's our secret, Montana Hal," answered a short, stocky man with cold eyes. A glance at his withered right hand told Monty who he was. "This is the camp of the left-handed gang. We want a little chat with you!"

Monty thought, "Whew! I thought my number was up!" Then he said aloud, "What's the deal?"

"I've heard of your exploits, Montana," said Wright. "I figured you might be persuaded to hitch up with the most daring and successful gang in the West—the Left-Handers!"

"I've heard of you, too," replied Holcombe slowly. He got to his feet.

"Not so fast!" Wright's dark eyes narrowed. "First you'll have to pass a little test! Only the best shots get into my gang—and only real left-handers! Otherwise you're done for! Set up the target, boys!"

"Right boss!" Two of the bandits strung a target up to a tree. Monty was told that at Wright's command, he was to whirl about, draw and fire three shots at the target. This was the test. Was Holcombe about to be trapped into revealing his real identity? He didn't have time to think about it.

"DRAW!" commanded the one-handed leader.

Monty spun around and rocketed three bullets clean through the bull's-eye. Baing an

expert shot with either hand had saved him, at least, temporarily!

"Wow! Look at that, Lefty!" cried one of the gang. They were convinced.

Wright grinned. "You're in, Montana! Shake! And here, we shake left-handed!"

That night around the campfire, Lefty outlined his plans.

"Tomorrow we're pulling our last job in Plainford, men. The bank! It's all that's left that's worth-while. They won't expect us in broad daylight! I'll give you the details in the morning. Now get some shut-sye. As the new member, Montana, it's your chore to stand guard tonight." Monty nodded.

In a matter of minutes, the whole gang was asleep.

"I've got to get word to Shelby!" thought the giant cowboy. "Tomorrow's their last Plainford raid, and we've got to catch them red-handed." He drew a small pencil and paper from his boot, as he crouched to the fire.

"I'll have to write Tom a note and send it by Rambler. I'm sure he can find town. I'll tell Wright my horse broke loose and rode off." Hastily he scribbled a note in the fire-light, folded it and moved toward his stallion.

"Now to fasten this to Rambler's saddlehorn and . . ."

"Stand where you are—Monty Holcombe!" commanded a voice behind him. Monty whirled.

"Wright—What the—!" Instinctively he slapped leather with his right hand, remembering too late that there was no six-gun on that hip!

Wright fired one shot, severing Monty's gunbelt.

"No, there's no gun on your right side, Holcombe! And there goes your left gun! You're too famous for your own good. I thought I knew you from the start, and when I spotted you writing—right-handed—you were writing your own death warrant!"

MONTY grabbed his falling gunbelt and in a flash whipped it around to knock Wright's gun away even as it fired. A split-second later, a huge fist crashed to Lefty's jaw and he ate dirt. Others in the gang awakened, but Monty pounded them back to sleep, one by one.

"I'm your right-hand man, gents! When I get through with you, there won't be much left of you!"

Later at the jailhouse, Tom Shelby herded the left-handers behind bars.

"In two days, Monty, you did what we've been trying to do for weeks . . . clean up the whole left-handed gang!" He beamed.

"Reckon it'll teach 'em the right side of the law's best," grinned Monty.

"And speaking of cleaning up, Sheriff, I'm heading for a shave right now!"

THE END



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☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

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PRIZES

HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST #2

FIRST PRIZE \$10
SECOND PRIZE \$5
THIRD PRIZE \$3
FOURTH TO TENTH PRIZES \$1 EACH

Here it is, partners, another opportunity to win one of the cash prizes! All you have to do is to write down the answer to the TRAIL TWISTER below and state in 25 words or less why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy hero.



HERE IS THIS MONTH'S
TRAIL TWISTER—
SOME RANGE RIDERS WERE
CALLED COWPOKES.
CAN YOU TELL WHY?

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:

1. The contest closes Feb. 15, 1952. No entry will be honored if post-marked later than this date.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the coupon at the bottom of this page. Fill in the answers on the coupon along with your name and address and make sure you mail it to the proper address listed below.
3. Neatness will not be a consideration in judging the contest but entries must be legible to be considered. Skill in answering the questions and in stating why Hopalong Cassidy is your favorite cowboy will be most important factors in awarding the prizes.
4. Anyone in the United States or its possessions may enter the contest except employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families.
5. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications.
6. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded the winners.
7. The editors of this magazine will be the sole judges of this contest and their decisions will be final.

COUPON

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO:
HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAILTWISTER CONTEST
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
FAWCETT PLACE, GREENWICH, CONN.

The word cowpoke meant _____

Hopalong Cassidy is my favorite cowboy because _____

Name _____ Age _____

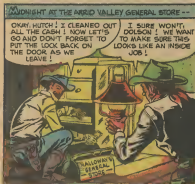
Street _____

City _____ State _____

HC-2

WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST

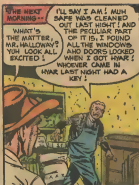
GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LASSO A VALUABLE PRIZE. WINNERS OF THIS MONTH'S CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE SEPT. 1952 ISSUE OF HOPALONG CASSIDY.





--BUT I HAD A DUPLICATZ KEY MADE AND PUT HIS BACK BEFORE HE EVEN KNEW IT WAS GONE!

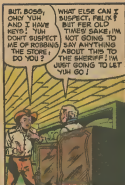
YUH SHORE WERE CLEVER, HUTCH! NOW I RECKON WE OUGHT TO GET OUT OF ARRID VALLEY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



THE NEXT MORNING--

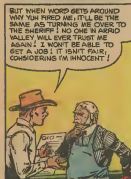
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. HOLLOWAY? YUH LOOK ALL EXCITED!

I'LL SAY I AM! MUH SAFE WAS CLEANED OUT LAST NIGHT! AND THE PECULIAR PART OF IT IS, I FOUND ALL THE WINDOWS AND DOORS LOCKED WHEN I GOT HYAR! WHOEVER CAME IN HYAR LAST NIGHT HAD A KEY!

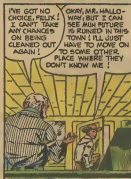


BUT, BOSS, ONLY YUH AND I HAVE KEYS! YUH DONT SUSPECT ME OF ROBBING THE STORE, DO YOU?

WHAT ELSE CAN I SUSPECT, FELIX? BUT FER OLD TIMES' SAKE, I'M NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TO THE SHERIFF! I'M JUST GOING TO LET YUH GO!



BUT WHEN WORD GETS AROUND WHY YUH FIRED ME, IT'LL BE THE SAME AS TURNING ME OVER TO THE SHERIFF! NO ONE IN ARRID VALLEY WILL EVER TRUST ME AGAIN! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A JOB! IT ISN'T FAIR, CONSIDERING I'M INNOCENT!

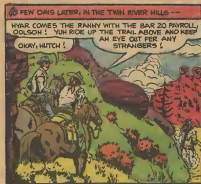


I'VE GOT NO CHOICE, FELIX! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON BEING CLEANED OUT AGAIN!

OKAY, MR. HALLOWAY, BUT I CAN SEE MUH FUTURE IS RUINED IN THIS TOWN! I'LL JUST HAVE TO MOVE ON TO SOME OTHER PLACE WHERE THEY DONT KNOW ME!



SINCE I DONT OWN A HORSE AND HAVEN'T EVEN GOT STAGE-COACH FARE, I DUGHT TO HEAD FER TWIN RIVER! IT'S THE CLOSEST CITY TO ARRID VALLEY!



FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE TWIN RIVER HILLS --

HYAR COMES THE RAINNY WITH THE BAR 20 PAYROLL, OOLSON! YUH RIDE UP THE TRAIL ABOVE AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FER ANY STRANGERS!

OKAY, HUTCH!



DROP THAT MONEY BAG AND STICK VORE HANDS UP!

(GULP!) A HIGHWAYMAN! GIDDAP!

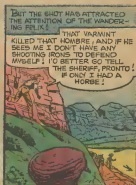


YUH SHOULD HAVE DONE AS I TOLD YUH!

BANG!

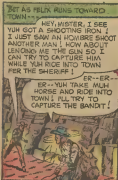


DOGGONE IT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN THE SLOPE TO GET THE PAYROLL!



BUT THE SHOT HAD ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE WANDERING FELIX!

THAT VARNINT KILLED THAT HOMBRE, AND IF HE SEES ME I DON'T HAVE ANY SHOOTING IRONS TO DEFEND MYSELF! I'D BETTER GO TELL THE SHERIFF, PRONTO! IF ONLY I HAD A HORSE!



SET AS FELIX RUNS TOWARD TOWN--

HEY, MISTER, I SEE YUH GOT A SHOOTING IRON! I JUST SAW AN HOMBRE SHOOT ANOTHER MAN! HOW ABOUT LENDING ME THE GUN SO I CAN TRY TO CAPTURE HIM WHILE YUH RIDE INTO TOWN FOR THE SHERIFF!

ER--ER--ER-- YUH TAKE MUH HORSE AND RIDE INTO TOWN! I'LL TRY TO CAPTURE THE BANDIT!



SHORTLY AFTER--

LEAD THE WAY, FELIX! I'M WITH YOU!

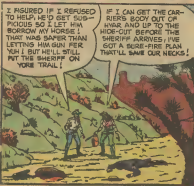
I ONLY HOPE THE COWBOY WHO LENT ME THIS HORSE WAS ABLE TO CORNER THAT KILLER!



MEANWHILE--

BUT HOW COULD IT BE THAT KID, FELIX, WHO WORKS IN THE ARRID VALLEY GENERAL STORE, DOLOSON? I FIGURED HE'D BE BLAMED FOR THE ROBBERY AND LOCKED UP FOR SURE BY NOW!

IT WAS HIM ALL, RIGHT! AND WHEN HE SAID HE WANTED TO HELP TO CATCH A KILLER, I KNEW HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US BUT HAD SEEN YUH SHOOT THE PAYROLL CARRIER!



I FIGURED IF I REFUSED TO HELP, HE'D GET SUSPICIOUS SO I LET HIM BORROW MY HORSE! THAT WAS SAFER THAN LETTING HIM GUN FOR YUH! BUT HE'LL STILL PUT THE SHERIFF ON YOUR TRAIL!

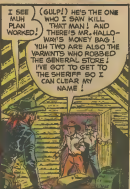
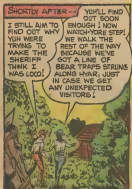
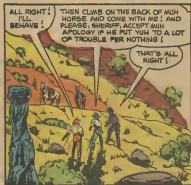
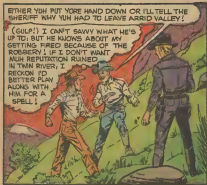
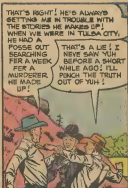
IF I CAN GET THE CARRIERS BODY OUT OF HYAR AND UP TO THE HIDE-OUT BEFORE THE SHERIFF ARRIVES, I'VE GOT A SURE-FIRE PLAN THAT'LL SAVE OUR NECKS!

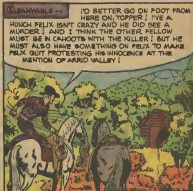


AND WHEN HOPALONG ARRIVED--

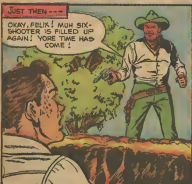
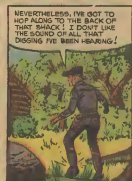
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE SPOT? THERE'S NO SIGN OF A DEAD BODY OR OF THE MAN YOU SAID LENT YOU THAT HORSE!

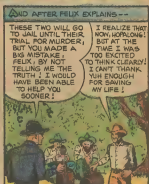
I KNOW IT SEEMS ODD, BUT I'M POSITIVE, SHERIFF!





HOPALONG CASSIDY





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